

THE ENFOLDING HAND.

My little one with flushed and troubled face
Sat by my study table, tolling late
O'er strange white creatures scrawled
upon her slate;
And oft did she groan,
With sighs, the nameless figures that she
drew,
And on the clouded slate began anew.
The damp curls tumbling down
Vexed her hot face, but still she wrought,
Her velvet forehead rumpled in a frown,
Nor aid of me besought.

My writing done,
I sat and watched her with a hidden
smile,
Marking each line the while
With wistful thought to help the little one.
But what she sought to draw
I never under heaven saw!

At length she raised her little grieved, hot
face
And tear-dimmed eyes,
Nor spoke, but brought the slate and
climbed my knee
So trustful-wise,
And gave the blunted pencil unto me,
And nestled down in her accustomed place.

Then did I understand,
And in the wee soiled hand
Replaced the pencil, while my own
Clasped the tired fingers. And I drew
The finest horse I knew—
Such as my babe had sought to draw
alone.

So was she happily content,
And smiling to her waiting mother went.
Not otherwise, I love to think,
When we have planned and wrought and
wept in vain,
Does the God-Father take our childish
hands in His,
And help us to attain
The best that in us is.

When from the hopeless task forespent we
shrink,
Defeated, weary and undone,
Then doth that loving One
Bend pitying o'er us and with heavenly
power
Enforce these human purposes of ours.
O child of His! believe
He yearneth o'er us, e'en as you and I
Over our children, when they grieve
Because their small ideals prove too high.
Ah, faith is His, did we but understand,
To fold in His the faltering human hand!
—James Buckham, in Congressionalist.

The World Against Him

By WILL N. HARBEN.

Copyright, 1900, by
A. N. Kellogg Newspaper Company.

CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

Hasbrooke paused; he was not looking at Ronald, who had covered his face with both his hands and sat as still as a statue.

"God forgive me if I have given you needless pain," said the colonel. "I would not have spoken if I could have seen any other way of making my awful fears clear to you. Fanshaw, if these things were not true of your people and you had not a dollar to your name, I should, seeing how my daughter loves you, turn over to you and her all the property which is to go to her at my death. As God is my judge, I wish I could end it all by giving her to you, but I cannot! I simply cannot."

Ronald rose to his feet; he reeled a little as he reached for his hat, which lay on the desk.

"I have really never hoped to win her," he said, unsteadily. "You are right. It ought never to be. Children of mine shall never live to curse the world! I see my duty to her—to you. May God have mercy on me!"

The music had ceased; there was a light step outside and Evelyn suddenly opened the door, pausing on the threshold with an exclamation of surprise.

"I did not know—" here she broke off as her eyes fell to studying her lover's agonized face. "Papa," she asked, coming forward and standing between the two men, "what does this mean?"

The old man collected his senses slowly. "Daughter," he said, after an awkward pause, "I have sent for Mr. Fanshaw to consult with him in regard to the welfare of you both, and together—after talking it all over—we have come to a mutual agreement that the idea of marriage between you—ever, at any time—would be unwise—is not to be thought of."

Evelyn fastened a questioning, half distrustful gaze on her lover.

"Do you think it would be better for you to give me up?" were her words, each delivered after a little incredulous halt. "You see, Ronald, I have never known whether I could be a help to you. If you should want me, I would be ready to stand by you through trouble, adversity—everything that might come; but you are the man; you know best, and if" (her eyes went darting from one rigid face to the other) "if—she made another beginning, but broke down and put her handkerchief to her eyes. Her breast heaved high.

Hasbrooke nodded despairingly to Ronald and the latter took the hint.

"Circumstances beyond our control make it advisable that we should separate," he said, automatically.

She uncovered her face, disclosing no trace of tears. "Am I to be told about the—circumstances?"

"They concern only myself," answered Ronald, with another glance at her father. "I would rather not speak of them."

"Very well, then," she drew herself up erect. "I may as well say good-bye." As she gave him her hand the eyes of her father flashed with subtle pride, but the next moment he had another glimpse of her inmost soul. "Remember, Ronald," she said, "that I shall never kneel down without praying for you. Remember that I shall never love another man as long as I live!"

He bowed low; he tried to say something, but the ball in his throat rose and choked him. He heard the door close and knew she was gone.

Like an automaton, Hasbrooke moved forward and laid his two hands on the shoulders of the crushed young man.

"It has ended better than I could have hoped," he declared. "Bear up. Many things are within your grasp, but my child was not for you. She's not for me, either, Fanshaw" (sighing) "she'll never be the same again—never!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

The next month was December. Christmas day was made known to the Fanshaws chiefly by the fireworks which were discharged by the negroes on the Hasbrooke estate. The dawn came in with a great tooting of horns, beating of old pans, the discharge of guns, the bursting of inflated hog bladders. There was to be a cake-walk in the barn, a dance, a barbecued ox, a glorious feast, a Christmas tree.

The Fanshaws were not going to indulge even in an extra dinner. Ronald had remembered his hands by presents of money, but they were going to spend it in town. Something, however, did happen to mark the day as an eventful one. Old Jade Fanshaw was brought home in Bud Tarbell's dump cart, on a pile of wheat straw, covered by an old quilt. This occurred about 12 o'clock in the day. Ronald remembered that it took place at the dinner bell rang at Carnegie. Bud Tarbell told the little group in the front yard that Jade "wasn't dead an' they needn't be skeered." He explained that he was driving along a mountain road looking for sticks of lightwood when he saw Fanshaw walking ahead of him as sound as a dollar as far as he was able to see. He looked away for a minute and then he saw Fanshaw down on his all-fours, crawling along with head down like a grazing cow.

"At first I was afeard of 'im, fur he was actin' mighty curis," observed Tarbell, "but terrectly his knee joints seemed to flicker an' he come down kerplunk in the mud on his stomach. Then I drive up an' put 'im in my cart."

Mrs. Fanshaw was always a calm woman; she went out at the gate, waddled up to the cart, and shook the human heap on the straw.

"Looky heer, what's a-illin' of you, Jade?" she asked, seeing his eyes open. Fanshaw sat up slowly, but he looked like a man with only a shadow of a soul in him; his eyes glared in ghastly sockets and their whites had turned red. As he looked round at the group he seemed to recognize them, but a shifting look of terror was in his glance. He began to work his lips, to the edge of which his stubbly beard grew, but only unintelligible sounds issued.

"His tongue is paralyzed," commented his wife; "look how that side is drawn down to his neck. I declare he's got a wad o' tobacco betwixt his jaws clamped thar as tight as a cider press. Jade, spit that thar truck out! Spit it out, I tell you!" And as he paid no heed to her commands, she thrust her forefinger between his almost toothless gums as if he were a child and pried out the brown mass. "Well!" she said, resignedly, "we'll have to git 'im in the house, Bud will want his cart. Come, you boys" (to Ronald and David) "help lift 'im out."

Dave sprang into the cart, and Ronald was about to do the same, when Fanshaw's distended eyes fell on him. The old man raised his hands as if to ward off a blow and cried in words now easily understood: "Take 'im away; he wants to kill me!"

Ronald paused, but Fanshaw's terror did not abate. He got to his feet quickly and springing from the cart he ran his knees knocking together, across the road towards the woods. "Stop 'im, he's tryin' to kill me! He wants me to tell 'im who he is, an' whar t'other is buried!"

A remarkable change came over Mrs. Fanshaw; she turned quickly to Ronald, and with an uneasy smirk, said: "Don't you go nigh 'im, Ron; he's clean out'n his senses, an' thar ain't no tellin' what quar notion might strike 'im."

Ronald stood wondering, as Tarbell and Dave ran after the old man. They caught him by his arms and began to half carry, half drag him towards the house. But Fanshaw's distended eyes were still fixed on Ronald in affright and he struggled and fought his captors like a wild man.

"I'm not agoin' to have 'im put me in jail," he snorted. "He's done reported it to Reddin', an' together they are agoin' to have me swing for what I never done!"

Again Mrs. Fanshaw faced Ronald; this time she stood between him and his father. A frightened look of cunning lay in her heavy-browed eyes. "If I was you, Ron," she said, hurriedly, "I'd go upstairs; he's tuck a quar notion somehow that you are ag'in 'im, an' I wouldn't aggravate 'im."

Glad of an excuse to get away from the harrowing scene our hero went up to his room. Presently he heard the clatter of hob-nailed boots on the porch. The old man, now pacified, was being led like a dumb animal to his room. Then all was quiet below. The silence lasted till he heard Dave's voice outside speaking through a broken window-pane to his mother.

"I'm agoin' to ride fur a doctor," he was saying.

The floor complained of its burden as Mrs. Fanshaw went out on the porch. "Well," she replied, "you might as well, I reckon; but I wouldn't git Sloan; he'll charge two prices, an' dun us to death. It hain't nothin' but a stroke now, an' his drugs nor nobody else's can reach it. It's jest a question o' time. Dr. Wade will do as well as anybody."

Later in the afternoon Ronald had come down and was sitting before the fire in the living room. The man had fallen asleep, watched by Bud Tarbell, who had sent his cart home and offered his services according to the custom among neighbors in that vicinity. Mrs. Fanshaw came in and began to look for

a bottle of liniment on the mantel-piece.

"Dr. Wade's jest gone off," she told Ronald, "he says it's the second stroke he's had, an' that the next one will carry 'im off as sure as preachin'." If it was you I wouldn't go nigh 'im, Ron, it's best to humor pussions like he is."

Our hero made no reply. Dave came from the sick room and stood on the stone hearth warming his toes at the flames. Mrs. Fanshaw had found the bottle for which she was searching, and turned to go.

"He won't last long," she said to Dave; "seems to me I heerd yore pa say he left off payin' on his life insurance."

"Two year ago he did," said David, despondently. "I had put good money of my own into that, thinkin' if he died the insurance would help us buy a farm of our own out west, whar Uncle Joe says they are so cheap, but in that hard-time season when all the crops was burnt pa let it lapse, an' it's gone to the devil."

"It's jest our usual luck," grumbled the old woman; "some 'n would 'a' happened to a-kept all that money from reachin' us anyhow. We never was born under a good star."

Ronald looked up. "You needn't let that bother you, mother," he said, softly. "The insurance policy is all right; I attended to it."

The sudden change in Mrs. Fanshaw was not alone due to gratified surprise. Ronald thought he had never seen her look at him quite so strangely. She started to say something, which seemed to have rushed impulsively to her tongue, and then she shook her shoulders, closed her lips tightly and left the room.

Dave laughed. "She certainly acts peculiar to-day," he said. "Dang it, pa does, too, as for that matter. I wish you could 'a' heerd 'im rant about you jest now. He thinks you've got old Reddin' an' twenty other lawyers on his track about some'n."

To this observation our hero made no response.

CHAPTER XIX.

The next stroke, two days later, silenced Jade Fanshaw's tongue forever. It fell at dawn, just as a big red rooster under the house crowed and flapped his wings. Dave came upstairs and shook his brother, who had fallen asleep only about an hour before.

"Well," he said, "the old man has handed in his checks. Geewhilkens, Ron, I'm beginnin' to think I've run my blasted head into a secret of ma an' za's that they've kept from us fur over a quarter of a century. All night long, an' up to the time he tuck his last suck of air the old man talked of nothin' else but you—you, an' some dead soldier."

"He seems to imagine—" Ronald began, but Dave interrupted him.

"Imagine a dog's hind foot!" he blurted out. "Thar's some'n behind all them



"THEY CONCERN ONLY MYSELF," SAID RONALD.

hints an' threats that have been passin' betwixt ma an' pa sence I was knee high to a bow-legged duck, an' I have, at this late day, jest got my fust whiff of a dead mouse. You don't have to knock me down with a load o' mill rocks as a general thing; I can see a inch 'fore my eyes, if I am cross-eyed. The old man kept rummin' on last night about a baby an' its dead daddy; an' ma kept tryin' to keep me from understandin' till she fell asleep out o' pure weariness of the brain an' then the truth begun to creep into my noggin. Ron, I never did think you was a bit like the rest of us, an' now I'm sure you don't belong to this litter."

Ronald sat up on the edge of his bed, as white as death could have made him.

"Are you in earnest, Dave?" he questioned.

"If ever I was in my life."

"Did you find out anything—positive?" the last word came out with a jerk.

"No, but you can, Ron; ma is all broke up. She knows you saved the insurance, an' she would answer any question you ask. I'd go to 'er, after the buryin', an' demand to know it all. She'll tell you."

At this juncture the voice of Mrs. Fanshaw came up to them as she shook the latch of Ann Josephine's door: "Wake up, Josie," she said, "yore pa's been dead a good half hour, an' thar ain't nobody to cook breakfast!"

Ronald began to dress himself.

"Dave," he said, "your suspicion has taken me completely by surprise; I have suspected for a good many years that they did not feel towards me as they did to the rest, but I cannot yet believe I am not really a Fanshaw."

"Wait till you talk to ma," counseled David. "Be shore you come at 'er exactly right. Make 'er feel shore you won't give 'er a speck o' trouble an' she'll let the cat out the bag."

The next day when Jade Fanshaw's unpainted box was lowered into the grave near the meeting-house, half a mile over the hills, the snow was falling so fast that the faces of the few mourn-

ers and neighbors who stood around could hardly be recognized. The mound had scarcely received its shape when it was robed in white. It was as if Nature had spread an emblem of forgiveness over Jade Fanshaw's last resting place.

Ronald rode home in the wagon containing Mrs. Fanshaw, Dave, the two girls and Bud Tarbell. Arriving at home the girls went into the house and Mrs. Fanshaw bustled about on the back porch, opening the window blinds which she had closed that no one might gain access to her house during the absence of the family. There Ronald found her, still in her bonnet and heavy shawl. Her eyes fell before the hungry stare of his own.

"I want to see you in private," he said, excited in spite of a strong effort at calmness. She moved as if to pass him and go into the house, and then she paused before him, a dogged expression in her unsteady glance.

"Dave's been blabbin' to you, Ron," she said; "I wouldn't pay no attention to that boy."

"You've been keeping something from me—something concerning myself, all my life," he heard himself saying in deliberate tones.

She caught her breath, and then looked through the hall at Bud Tarbell, who was turning his wagon away from the gate.

"Dave tol' me back thar at the grave jest now," she faltered, "that you said you never would give me no trouble about anything. If I knowed that you would not bring me to court, an' that you would let us have the insurance money to buy land in Texas, Ron, I'd not keep back a thing."

"Your name shall never be mentioned," he promised, now chilled to the center of his heart by what might be revealed. "Have a right to know it, if I am not your son, and not his. You know you are welcome to the insurance money."

"Can't you put it off till after supper, when all the rest is asleep? I am so excited—"

"No, I'd rather know now," he said. (To Be Continued.)

MAKERS OF WILLS.

Find It Very Troublesome to Draw Up the Papers in Bavaria and Prussia.

Bavaria seems to have placed the most effective pitfalls and barbed wire entanglements in the path of the guileless maker of wills. In that country it is imperative that the most simple will must be attested with all solemnity by seven separate witnesses, who must be present at the same time; and their action must be sanctioned and their signatures must be authenticated by a public notary. Prussia has also its special complications, under the code of Frederick II. That monarch, distrusting "ignorant notaries, or ministers, or casual persons but little learned in matters of law," decided that only wills made in solemn form before justices or judges should be valid. To these experts all particulars must be told, any questions they choose to put must be answered, and they finally draw up the document, read it to the testator and append their signatures. If it is preferred the will may be drawn beforehand and submitted to the judges, who, after due inquiries to satisfy themselves that all is right, will sanction and confirm it.

Devonshire Vanity.

Many a refusal to sit for a picture has been given because of a knowledge of advancing years and fading beauty. It remains for the Devonshire folk however, to give a new point on "making up" for a sitting. S. Baring Gould's "Book of the West" supplies the incident: The looks of Devonshire and Cornish lasses are proverbial. A complexion of peaches and cream, a well-proportioned body and well-molded features are the characteristics. West Country women, as they are called, cannot forget they were once comely. An old woman of 75 was brought forward to be photographed by an amateur. No words of address could induce her to speak until the operation was completed. Then she put her fingers into her mouth. She said: "You wouldn't hae me took wi' my cheeks falled in? I just stuffed the Western Mornin' News into my mouth to fill 'n out."—Youth's Companion.

Effect of Rope.

He was dying from the effects of smoking too many campaign cigars. To those who wept at his bedside he argued in a lofty spirit of philosophy that death was inevitable.

"When you give a man rope enough," he exclaimed, "his doom is at once sealed! My fate, if it shows anything in particular, simply shows that he has not necessarily to hang himself!"—Detroit Journal.

An Envious Mortal.

First Visitor (to museum)—Did you see that man dining on carpet tacks and nails and things?

Second Visitor—Yes. How I envied him!

"Envied him?"

"Just think how he must enjoy shad."—N. Y. Weekly.

Not Guilty.

"I understand," said the girl in the fur jacket, "you told somebody that Bruce Walker would never have proposed to me if I hadn't coaxed him."

"I didn't say coaxed," replied the girl in the golf cape. "I said coaxed."

—Chicago Tribune.

On a Mere Quibble.

Sarcastic Boarder—McGinnis, how can you as a vegetarian compromise with your principles by eating hash?

Philosophical Boarder—Well, hash has become such a chestnut here—Chicago Tribune.

WINCHESTER

Factory Loaded Shotgun Shells.

"LEADER" and "REPEATER" loaded with Smokeless powder and "NEW RIVAL" loaded with Black powder. Superior to all other brands for

UNIFORMITY, RELIABILITY AND STRONG SHOOTING QUALITIES.

Winchester Shells are for sale by all dealers. Insist upon having them when you buy and you will get the best.

See Our New Mantel Room.

ARTISTIC MANTELS

—AND—

FINE TILES, FRAMES

—AND—

GRATE BASKETS.

Our stock is entirely new. We can suit you.

M. P. MILWARD Mantle Depot.
LEXINGTON, KY.

B. F. MONDAY.

J. F. MONDAY.

THE ART STONEWORK CO.

B. F. MONDAY, Manager.

Layers of Cement Work, Artificial Stone Sidewalks, Plain Flaggng, Slaughter-house, Ice-house and Cellars.

All kinds of drainage pipe laid, Carriage Steps, Cistern tops, lawn work and pavements a specialty. Curb stone, gutter flaggng, drip, step stones, fireplaces, etc. Dealer in English, German and Portland Cement, &c.

Address B. F. MONDAY, Paris, Ky.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

(IN KENTUCKY)

Condensed Schedule in Effect May 20, 1900.

| EASTBOUND. | | No. 1. | No. 5. | No. 3. |
|----------------|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| Lv Louisville | 7:45am | 4:00pm | 7:45pm | |
| Ar Shelbyville | 8:10am | 4:25pm | 8:00pm | |
| Ar La'enceburg | 8:50am | 4:35pm | 8:45pm | |
| Ar Versailles | 10:10am | 4:47pm | 10:01pm | |
| Ar Lexington | 10:40am | 7:15pm | 10:30pm | |
| WESTBOUND. | | No. 2. | No. 4. | No. 6. |
| Lv Lexington | 7:30am | 4:35pm | 6:15am | |
| Ar Versailles | 7:55am | 5:02pm | 6:30am | |
| Ar La'enceburg | 8:30am | 5:30pm | 6:55am | |
| Ar Shelbyville | 9:10am | 6:15pm | 7:30am | |
| Ar Louisville | 10:40am | 7:40pm | 7:50am | |
| EASTBOUND. | | No. 12. | No. 14. | No. 16. |
| Lv Louisville | 4:00pm | 7:45am | 10:00am | |
| Ar Lexington | 4:30pm | 8:15am | 10:30am | |
| Ar Versailles | 5:00pm | 8:45am | 11:00am | |
| Ar La'enceburg | 5:30pm | 9:15am | 11:30am | |
| Ar Lexington | 6:00pm | 9:45am | 12:00pm | |
| Ar Louisville | 7:30pm | 10:15am | 12:30pm | |
| WESTBOUND. | | No. 15. | No. 17. | No. 19. |
| Lv Lexington | 4:00pm | 7:45am | 10:00am | |
| Ar Versailles | 4:30pm | 8:15am | 10:30am | |
| Ar La'enceburg | 5:00pm | 8:45am | 11:00am | |
| Ar Shelbyville | 5:30pm | 9:15am | 11:30am | |
| Ar Lexington | 6:00pm | 9:45am | 12:00pm | |
| Ar Louisville | 7:30pm | 10:15am | 12:30pm | |

| STATIONS. | | No. 1. | No. 3. |
|-----------------|---------|---------|---------|
| Lv Louisville | 7:45am | 7:45am | 7:45pm |
| Ar Lexington | 10:40am | 10:40am | 10:30pm |
| Ar Knoxville | 7:00pm | 7:00pm | 7:45am |
| Ar Asheville | 7:10am | 7:10am | 1:10pm |
| Ar Savannah | 7:30am | 7:30am | 1:30pm |
| Ar Jacksonville | 7:40am | 7:40am | 1:40pm |
| Lv Chattanooga | 6:05pm | 6:05pm | 6:35am |
| Ar Atlanta | 10:25pm | 10:25pm | 11:50am |
| Ar Mobile | 12:35am | 12:35am | 1:30pm |
| Ar Jacksonville | 8:30am | 8:30am | 10:00pm |
| Lv Chattanooga | 6:10pm | 6:10pm | 6:45am |
| Ar Birmingham | 10:05pm | 10:05pm | 11:45am |
| Ar Meridian | 2:30am | 2:30am | 9:30pm |
| Ar New Orleans | 8:30am | 8:30am | |

No. 3, through sleeping car Louisville to Birmingham, via Lexington and Chattanooga.

No. 5, free observation chair-car Louisville to Lexington.

No. 6, free observation chair-car Lexington to Louisville.

No. 4, sleeping-car Birmingham to Louisville, via Lexington.

All trains between Louisville, Lexington and Burghin daily.

Between Versailles and Georgetown Nos. 13 and 16 daily. Nos. 67 and 68 daily, except Sunday.

Between Versailles, Nicholasville, Richmond and Irvine daily, except Sunday.

*Daily except Sunday. Other trains daily.

F.S. GANNON, 31 V.P. & G.M., J.M. CULP, T.M. Washington, D.C.

W.A. TRASK, G.P.A. & M.H. TAYLOR, A.G.P.A. Washington, D.C.

Washington, D.C.

Louisville, Ky.

SUMMER TOURS

—TO—

EUROPE.

Personally conducted parties leaving New York about twice a month, commencing April 28th. Guides interpreters, carriage and hotel accommodations furnished parties attending Paris Exposition. For rates and other information call on or address

J. D. FEENEY, Jr., Agt.